found love in the city by beansie

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Domestic Fluff, Established Relationship, M/M, it's just fluff! that's all! that's all there is!
Language: English
Characters: Mike Wheeler, Will Byers
Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-07-23
Updated: 2018-07-23
Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:15:16
Rating: General Audiences
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,411
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

“Mike,” Will groans, wriggling out of his grip. “Stop trying to kiss me while I’m cooking.”

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Author's Note:

> i posted this on tumblr several months ago and it took me this long to move it here because i was too lazy to think of a title
>
> for the prompts *"Can I kiss you right now?"* and *"Is that my shirt?"*. thanks again to julie for requesting them!

The apartment smells incredible when Mike opens the door, a warm blast of heat and garlic hitting him and knocking away the dreary December chill. "Hey!" he calls out, dropping his bag and kicking his shoes off by the hallway.

"Hey!" Will's cheery voice floats to him from the kitchen. Mike follows it to find his boyfriend standing at the stove, bundled in an oversized sweater and flitting back and forth between two pots. "You're back early! It's not ready yet."

"What's *it*?" Mike asks, shrugging off his jacket and throwing it onto the sofa, halfway across the small room.

"Dinner," says Will, motioning vaguely towards the stove. "How'd your final go?"

"Ugh, I don't know. Okay, I guess." Mike sighs, sitting down on one of the kitchen stools. "I feel like I should've studied more. There's a couple questions I wasn't sure about."

"You studied for like three weeks, Mike. I'm sure you did fine." Will turns back to his cooking, and tastes what looks like a red sauce from one of the pots.

"I guess," Mike says. "Doesn't matter now, anyway. Couldn't change it if I wanted to."

"You always do this," Will says, and Mike can hear the eyeroll even though he can't see it. "You always think you failed, but you always

end up with the best grade in the class."

"I don't *always* end up with the best grade. That was one time."

"Relax, Mike," says Will, reaching for the salt. "You're done! The semester's over! And you definitely passed your exam. *And* dinner's almost ready."

"What's the occasion? I didn't know we were capable of making meals that aren't Chef Boyardee."

"We're celebrating!" Will says brightly, taking a piece of spaghetti from the pot and biting into it. He makes a face and tosses it away, going to stir the remaining pasta.

"Celebrating what?"

"The end of the semester from hell," says Will. He shoves the sleeve of his sweater up. "Also, we needed to use the spinach before we fly back to Hawkins."

"Oh good, this way when my mom asks when the last time I ate a vegetable was, I won't have to lie to her." Mike rolls his shoulders back before stretching his arms over his head, reveling in the feeling of finally being done. "Also, wasn't the semester from hell back in like, eighth grade?"

The laugh the Will lets out is dry, forced, and his smile is sardonic. "The shadow monster has nothing on Professor Tolvald, are you kidding? I'll take being possessed over another of his lectures any day."

"Really?"

Will rolls up his sleeve, folding instead of pushing, and thinks it over. "No," he says finally, flicking the sauce spoon towards Mike with a cheeky grin.

"*Hey*," Mike whines, wiping a fleck off his face. He watches Will giggle, looking happier than he'd seen in weeks. It was incredible what the lack of stress did for him. Classes for an art major didn't sound difficult, but Mike had watched him struggle for over a month

now, stressing over his workload and worrying that he wouldn't be able to get everything done. Just one day after classes and Will was back to his normal self, bright and playful and heartwarmingly happy, wearing a toothy grin and a familiar-looking sweater.

Mike frowns. "Is that my shirt?"

"What?" says Will, sounding unconvincingly casual.

"That's my sweater."

Will turns to blink at him, wide-eyed, like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar. "I—um. Yeah." Mike places his chin in his hand, his expression hovering somewhere between amused and fond. "It was cold," Will says defensively, shoving one of the sleeves up his elbow again.

Mike does his best to temper his grin, watching the way the neck of the sweater is nearly falling down Will's shoulder. "The heat was down this morning," Will continues, doing his best to not look embarrassed. "I turned it up since we won't be here the rest of the month, so we can afford it. But it was still cold, and my favorite sweatshirt is dirty, and I'm sorry, I'll wash it and give it b—"

"You should keep it," Mike interrupts, broad smile across his face. "It looks better on you."

Will stops mid sentence, a quick blush rising to his cheeks. "*Mike*," he says, turning back to the stove.

"What? It does," Mike says, laughing as he jumps from his perch. He walks behind Will, wrapping his arms around his waist and placing his chin on top of his head. "You can steal all my clothes if they all look this good on you."

"Mike," Will groans, wriggling out of his grip. "Come on." Mike swoops down to plant a kiss on his cheek, delighting in the way Will flushes. Will loves this, every part of it, the soft touches and the warm kisses and every ounce of affection, but he could get so shy about it sometimes. Mike is pretty sure Will doesn't think he deserves all of it, which is funny, because Mike knows that Will deserves the

entire world and more. “Stop trying to kiss me while I’m cooking. Go sit.” He points the sauce spoon towards the chairs firmly, looking throughly unintimidating.

“Can I help?” Mike asks.

“No. Go.” Mike follows obediently, propping himself back up on the counter to watch Will finish dinner. “How come you’re back so early, anyway? I thought the exam was two hours.”

“Yeah, we had two hours, but it was only seventy-five questions, I think. Multiple choice,” Mike says. “So it only took me like forty-five minutes to finish.”

“And you’re worried about that? You’re great at multiple choice, anyway. With the way you were stressing, I thought you had to write an essay, or something.”

“I don’t know, I’m not worried, I guess.” Mike shrugs, frowning. “I just think I could have done better.”

“I’ll bet you got at least a ninety-five,” says Will. “You practically memorized that textbook cover to cover.”

“You think too highly of me.” Mike sighs, slumping down onto the countertop.

“Stop being dramatic,” he says, rolling his eyes again. “I think you’re exactly as intelligent as you are. Which is absolutely crazy super smart, so.”

It’s Mike’s turn to blush. “And you think I’m dramatic?”

“Yeah, because you are.” Will grabs the pasta pot, walking over to the sink to drain it. It slips a bit as he goes, but he catches it quickly.

Mike gazes at him, a warm smile on his face. “You sure you don’t want help?” he asks, starting to rise from his seat.

“No,” says Will, almost whiny. “It was supposed to be a surprise for you, since I finished my last final yesterday.”

“I don’t mind, just let me—”

“*No*,” Will says again, sharper than before. “Let me do something nice for you. Sit down.”

Mike sighs, raising his hands in surrender and taking a seat. Will grabs two bowls from the cabinet and serves the food, placing them onto the counter. “Thanks,” says Mike, as Will takes two forks from the utensil drawer. “This is the best possible thing to come home to.”

“What, food that isn’t Chef Boyardee?” Will asks, sliding into the other seat.

“No. Well, yeah, but—wait, no. Shit.” Mike runs his fingers through his hair as he thinks over his words. “I was gonna say ‘you’. Coming home to you is the best possible thing.”

Will ducks his head, blushing like he still doesn’t believe him. “Thanks, Mike.”

“Hey, you’re not cooking anymore,” Mike says, raising his eyebrows.

“Yeah?” He looks confused.

“Yeah, so can I kiss you now?”

Will sighs, sounding extremely put upon, but he shrugs and says, “I guess.”

Mike rolls his eyes. “Now who’s dramatic?” he asks, but doesn’t give him a chance to answer, scooping Will in his arms and capturing his lips with his own. Will grins against his mouth, and Mike feels his heartbeat pick up, his fingers start to tingle, his stomach flip over itself. It’s the same as it’s been every day since they started dating. It’s still as exhilarating as the first time.

“*You*.” Will pulls away just slightly, keeping their foreheads close and his hand on the back of Mike’s neck. “It’s still you,” he says, his voice just above a whisper as Mike presses a soft kiss on his cheek. “It’s always you.”

Mike thinks he knows exactly what he means.

Author's Note:

thanks for reading! you can request prompts or see what i'm working on next over at byeler!